

LUCY and COLIN,

A SONG.

Written in Imitation of WILLIAM and
MARGARET:

I.

OF *Leinster*, fam'd for Maidens fair,
Bright *Lucy* was the Grace,
Nor e'er did *Liffy's* limpid Stream
Reflect a sweeter Face;
Till luckless Love and pining Care,
Impair'd her rosy Hue,
Her damask Cheek, and dainty Lip,
And Eyes of glossy Blue.

II.

Oh! hast thou seen a Lilly pale,
When beating Rains descend?
So droop'd the slow consuming Maid,
Her Life now near it's end:
By *Lucy* warn'd, of flatt'ring Swains,
Take heed ye easy Fair,
Of Vengeance due to broken Vows,
Ye flatt'ring Swains beware.

III.

Three Times, all in the dead of Night,
A Bell was heard to ring,
And at her Window, shrieking thrice,
The Raven flapp'd his Wing;
Full well, the Love born Maiden knew
The solemn boding Sound,
And thus in dying Words bespoke,
The Damsels weeping round.

IV.

I hear the Voice you cannot hear,
That Cries I must not stay,
I see the Hand you cannot see
That beckons me away;
Of a false Swain and broken Heart
In early Youth I dye,
Was I to blame because the Bride
Was twice as rich as I?

V.

Ah! *Colin* give not her thy Vows,
Vows due to me alone,
Nor thou rash Girl return his Kiss,
Nor think him all thy own;

To morrow, in the Church to wed,
Impatient both prepare;
But know fond Maid and know false Man,
Thy *Lucy* will be there.

VI.

Yes, bear my Corps, my Comrades bear,
The Bridegroom blith to meet,
He in his Wedding Trim so gay,
I in my winding Sheet:
She spoke, she died, her Corps was borne,
The Bridegroom blith to meet,
He in his Wedding Trim so gay,
She in her winding Sheet.

VII.

What then was perjur'd *Colin's* Thought?
How were those Nuptials kept?
The Bridemen flock'd round *Lucy* dead,
And all the Village wept;
Compassion, Shame, Remorse, Dispair,
At once his Bosom swell,
The damps of Death bedew his Brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

VIII.

From the vain Bride, a Bride no more,
The varying Crimson fled,
When stretch'd before her Rival's Shroud,
She saw her Husband dead.
He to his *Lucy's* new-made Grave,
Convey'd by trembling Swains,
One Mould with her, beneath one Sod,
For ever now remains.

IX.

Oft at this Grave the constant Hind,
And plighted Maid are seen,
With Garlands gay, and true Love Knots,
To deck the sacred Green;
But Swain forsworn, who e'er thou art,
The hallowed Spot forbear,
Remember *Colin's* dreadful Fate,
And fear to joyn him there.

